

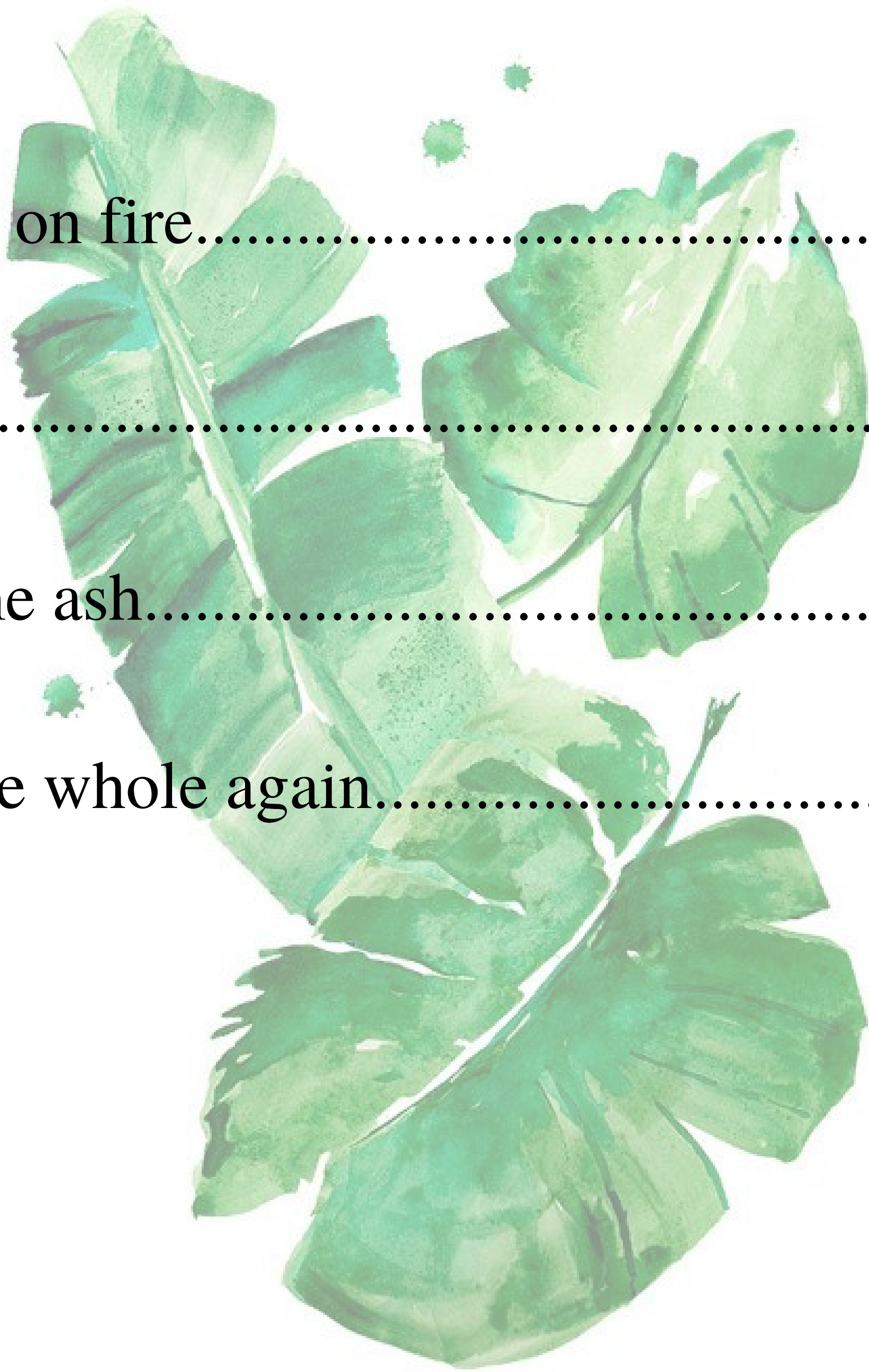
sunflower feelings




eimaan

contents:

to be set on fire.....	4
to burn.....	13
to become ash.....	19
to become whole again.....	27





*you know who you are
if you don't
screw you anyway*



part I
to be set on fire



you make me feel this way-
i can't explain it
you pluck off my petals
but i live only for you
for without you, i'd be lost-

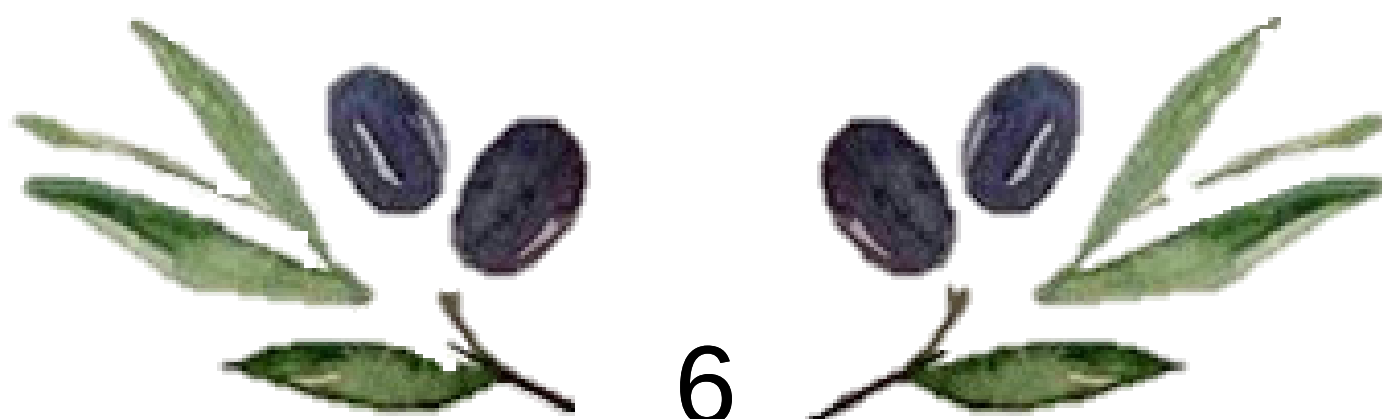
- sunflower feelings



you have watched me
bloom
fall
die

then bloom again
now watch my petals
slowly fall off
delicately,
softly.

i am slowly dying once more
in ways
i cannot bloom again-



"he's just like everybody else"
"he's not" i yell. "he's different".

but tell me what makes you so different. why am i
so convinced on believing you are better, so- so
much better when you leave me no choice but to
believe you aren't. you've grown trees in my heart,
ensuring i couldn't love anybody else but you. i
cannot cut those trees down, perhaps that is why
you grew them. you wanted me to be so inevitably
and deeply in love with you. why couldn't you
love me back. why must you have to leave
without a word, and return the same way.



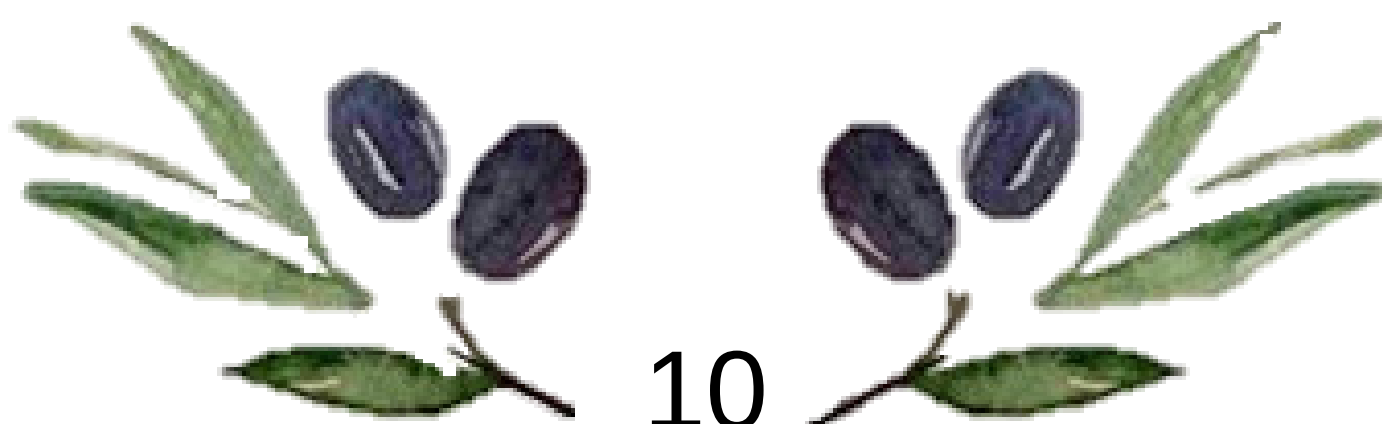
i don't know what
it was about you
that made me write
like words escaping my tongue
but you've taken that
away from me
tell me how
i am to write
when there is nothing
to write about-



i haven't learnt
how to love without you
i will never learn
how to live without you
i am nothing,
but the wilting, dead petals
of a flower without you-



you don't love me
nobody knows how to love me
and perhaps that is what i love
to be so inhumane,
so different,
that i cannot be loved-



you choked me
getting yourself in the habit
of forcing the music out of me
until i messed up on a note,
and you were sick of it.
but you didn't realize
when i was stood there,
begging on my knees
for you to listen to music
you didn't want to hear
anymore-



when you pound at me,
and question
why i fail to
respond to your questions
know that i am considering
whether or not
i should have accepted the flames for you once again-





part II
to burn



to burn,
is to see you
happier with her-

- but i want you happy, so i'll burn.



your voice
commands
goosebumps
on my body
every night-



when you refuse
to speak to me
and throw back all the love
i have given,
even writing about you
seems cruel-



you've taught me
that girls
that beautify themselves
and paint themselves with makeup,
are beautiful.
and those who do not,
are not -



when i'm with you
i am either blinded
or mesmerized-

- because you're the sun



you know i can't dance
but you should see these words
when you're gone
they dance thinking only of you-

- stay





part III
to become ash



my throat
is burning
from the
poison you
drowned
me in-



you have taken
all of me
yet you still
crave more-



because i've never bled
as much as i did
with you-



we can paint this ash
it won't be remains of fire
it will be art-

- you are my art



i could travel the whole world
in search for a home
but i would still be left
searching-

- the world is not enough.



his voice
makes me fall on my knees
shattered
with bitter taste
but a small part of me
never wants to stop hearing it-

- i fear i will never hear it again



you let go
but my hands are
holding on so tight,
you could burn this rope
and i would still be
holding on-





part IV
to become whole again



everytime
i break apart
you take steps back
because you fear
the shards of my breaking
will be too sharp for you-



i despise
when you lie to me
and tell me
you will always be around
that you will water me
the days i face drought
when you will be busy
growing your own crops
to notice-



tell me why
i was convinced
you would come, stay and remain
tell me why you
tore me in half
and set on fire
my most flammable parts
perhaps i am meant to burn
to be burnt to ash
then scattered
to become whole again-



we could have been so much more
than lies and sad songs
but you chose
to extinguish a fire
i once had for you,
so strong,
it could set the stars on fire-



my mind will never
linger,
and long for someone
as much as it did for you
and i think that is beautiful-

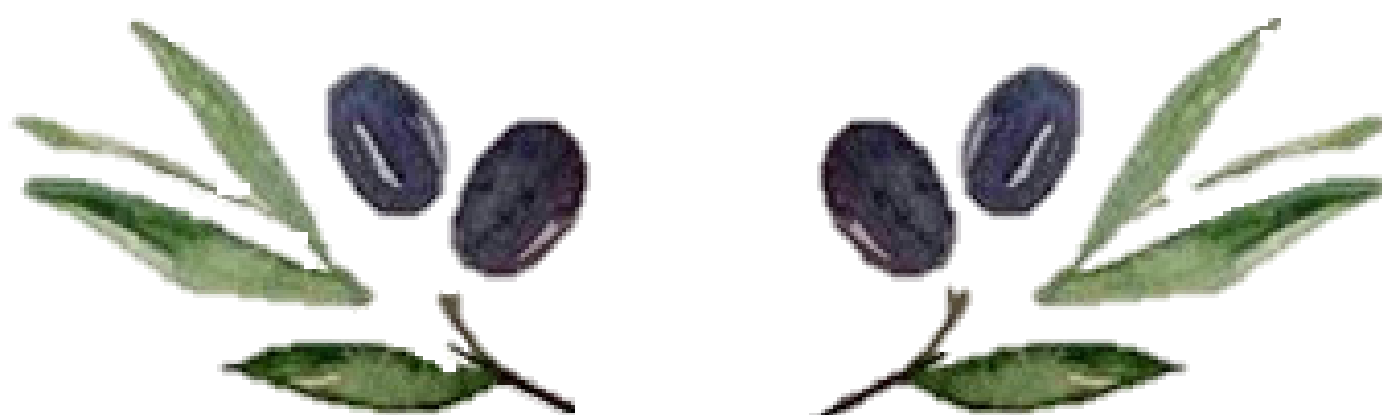


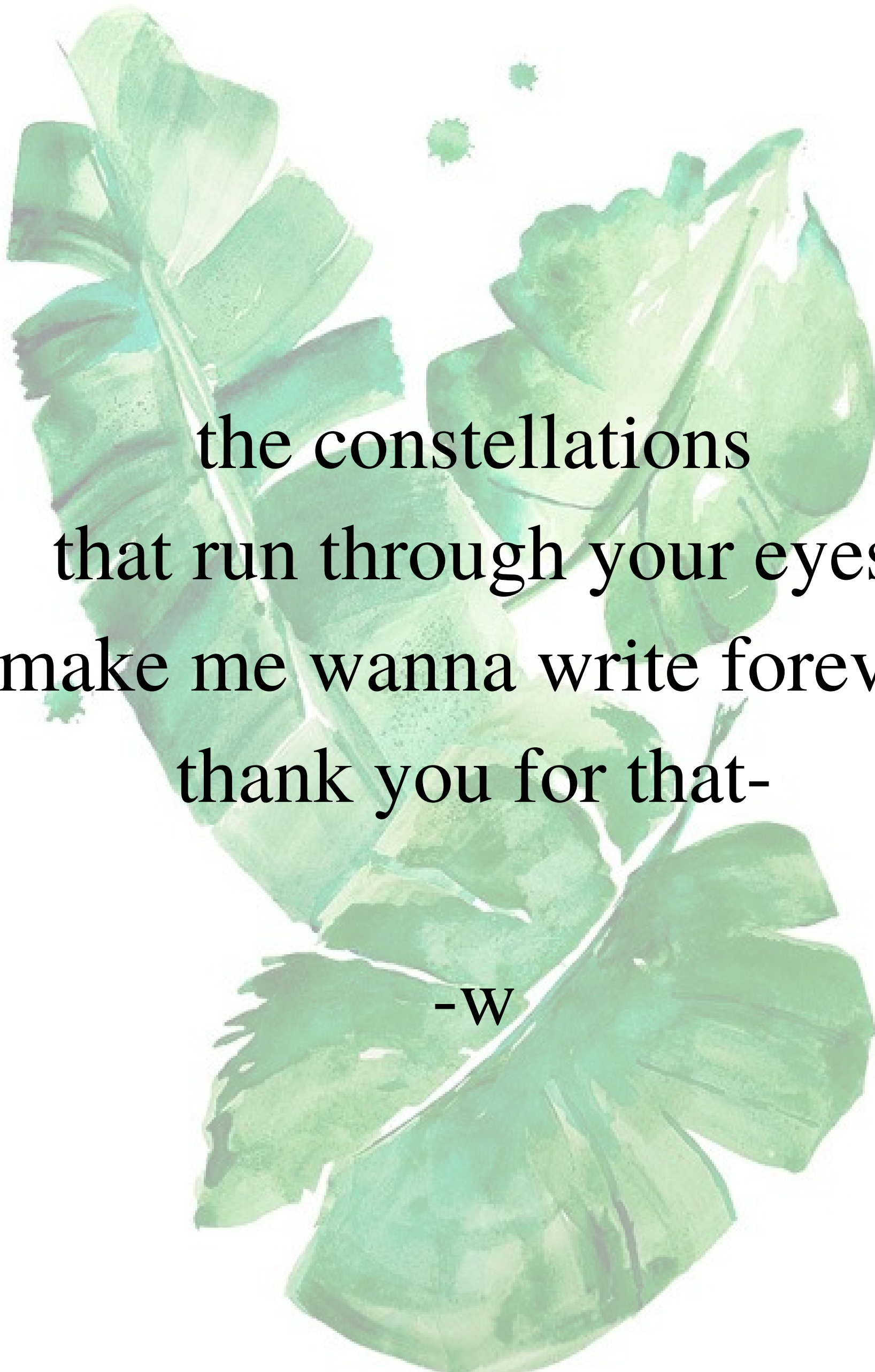
we have so many beautiful things
sunflowers
the sun
the rain
but there is nothing more beautiful
than you-

- reader



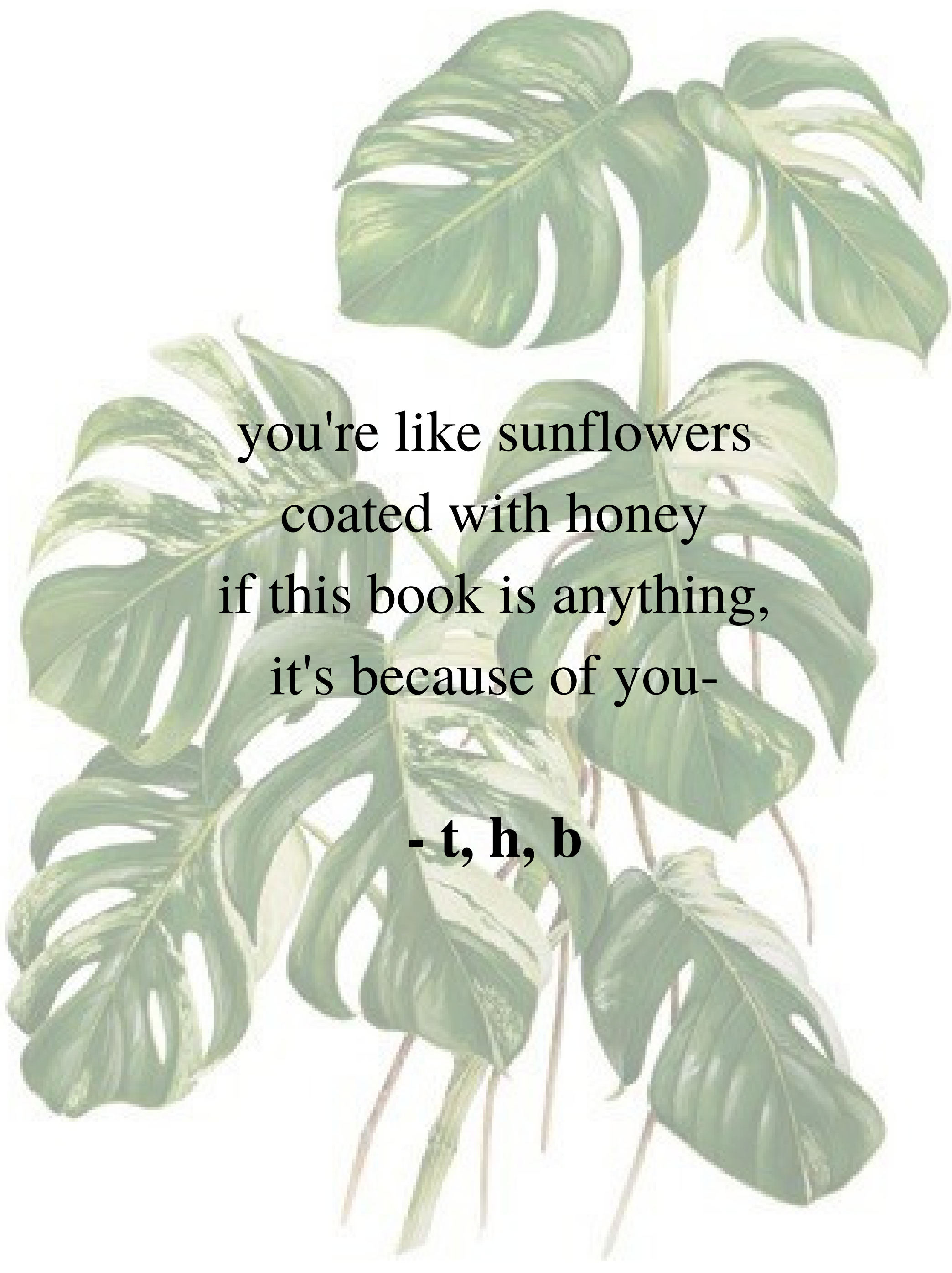
let me pour honey down your throat
you'll taste better-



A watercolor illustration of several green leaves, possibly from a tropical plant, arranged in a cluster. The leaves are painted in various shades of green, from light to dark, with visible brushstrokes and some darker, almost purple, veins. Above the leaves, there are a few small, dark green, star-like or spiky dots.

the constellations
that run through your eyes
make me wanna write forever
thank you for that-

-w



you're like sunflowers
coated with honey
if this book is anything,
it's because of you-

- t, h, b

Le-tilly

**YOU ARE THE POEM
I CAN'T SEEM TO WRITE**

- SPEECHLESS

